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COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# IRON MAN

## 199

**ALAS,  
POOR  
DOOM...**

**...I  
SLEW  
HIM  
WELL!**

DIRECT EDITION



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BABYLON TOWERS,  
NEW YORK CITY.

YOU'VE REACHED  
BABYLON 3735.  
MIGUEL O'HARA  
CANNOT TAKE YOUR  
CALL AT THE  
MOMENT.

PLEASE LEAVE  
A MESSAGE AFTER  
THE TONE.  
:BEEP:

MIG, IT'S DANA. SEEMS  
LIKE YOU'RE NEVER HOME  
THESE DAYS.

Y'KNOW,  
LATELY I'M  
HAVING MORE OF A  
RELATIONSHIP WITH  
CYLA THAN WITH YOU.

I'M BEGINNING  
TO THINK YOU'RE  
LEADING ANOTHER  
LIFE.

SO HOW ABOUT  
PROVING ME WRONG  
BY DOING SOMETHING  
RECKLESS AND  
IMPULSIVE--

--LIKE  
SPENDING  
AN EVENING  
WITH ME.

TAMARA GAVE ME HER TICKETS  
TO TONIGHT'S ARMAGEDDON CHOIR  
HYPERMEDIA--

SKREENCH

...NO LOCK  
DENIES ME...

...NO  
DOOR BARS  
MY WAY...

... ALL  
ROADS  
RISE  
WITH ME...

SKREENCH

WHAT  
THE SHOCK  
WAS THAT?

NEVER MIND,  
JUST CALL  
ME.

MAN, I  
HATE  
ANSWERING  
MACHINES.

BY OVERRIDING THIS  
PROGRAM'S NETWORK  
FUNCTIONS--



# EMPEROR OF THE MIND

I AM THE  
EVERYWHERE  
AND THE EVERYTHING...  
LORD OF THIS REALM...  
GOD IN THIS MACHINE...

AND JUDGING BY HIS  
RANTING ABOUT GOODHOOD,  
PALOMA, THE SUDDEN INFUX  
OF DATA HAS SENT HIM OVER  
THE EDGE.

WHEN I USED  
YOUR RETRIEVAL  
FUNCTIONS TO REINTE-  
GRATE DOOM'S  
ARCHETYPE--

I DIDN'T THINK  
HE'D AVERT YOUR  
CORE PROGRAMMING  
TO HIS CONTROL--

--LEAVING US  
STRANDED AT THE  
FAR END OF CYBER-  
SPACE WATCHING  
HIM FLIP OUT.

--ARCHETYPE DOOM HAS  
ACTIVATED UNIVERSAL  
ACCESS TEMPLATE--

--GIVING HIM  
GEOMETRICALLY  
INCREASING ACCESS  
TO DATABASES  
WORLDWIDE.

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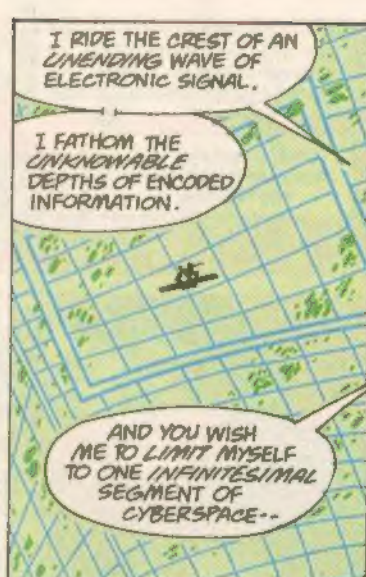
DOOM, LISTEN TO ME, YOU'VE GOT TO DISENGAGE FROM THE PALOMA PROGRAM--

YOU'RE BURNING YOURSELF OUT! HER SYSTEM'S TOO POWERFUL FOR A USER TO PROCESS!



WIRE, YOU CANNOT COMPREHEND THE EXPANSE THE PALOMA PROGRAM HAS OPENED FOR ME.

I NOW NAVIGATE A SEA OF LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES.



I RIDE THE CREST OF AN UNENDING WAVE OF ELECTRONIC SIGNAL.

I FATHOM THE UNKNOWABLE DEPTHS OF ENCODED INFORMATION.

AND YOU WISH ME TO LIMIT MYSELF TO ONE INFINITESIMAL SEGMENT OF CYBERSPACE--



--WHEN I CAN DANCE THROUGH THIS ETHER WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT?

EVEN AS WE SPEAK I GLIDE THROUGH THE NAVIGATION GRIDS OF BEIJING AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL.



IN NEW YORK, I CRACK THE VAULTED OMNI-COMMUNICATIONS CENTER OF ALCHEMAX'S PUBLIC EYE.



IN BOGOTÁ, I STUDY THE CLASSIFIED RESEARCH OF BIO-CHEMISTS ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE THE DEPLETED OZONE LAYER.



AND IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF STARK/FLUTIKAWA, I LAUGH AT THE SECURITY MAZE GUARDING THEIR EXECUTIVE BOARD.



NOT SINCE I TASTED THE  
POWER COSMIC HAVE I  
KNOWN SUCH OMNISCIENCE.

THERE IS SO MUCH TO  
DISCOVER, SO MUCH  
TO PROCESS --

DOOM'S  
FADING.

BY ACCESSING MULTIPLE OP  
SYSTEMS, ARCHETYPE DOOM  
CANNOT MAINTAIN PROGRAM  
INTEGRITY.

SO TO KEEP HIMSELF  
TOGETHER, HE CAN ONLY  
BE ONE PLACE AT A TIME?  
ANY IDEA WHERE HE  
MIGHT BE?

THIS PROGRAM CONTAINS ANTI-  
ENCRYPTION CODES TO LINK  
WORLD SATELLITE NETWORK.

ARCHETYPE DOOM CAN  
ACCESS LOCATION IN  
CYBERSPACE GRID.

GREAT, THAT STILL LEAVES  
US STUCK IN WHAT REMAINS  
OF CATSCAN'S DEN. CAN'T  
YOU STOP HIM?

THIS PROGRAM CANNOT  
OVERRIDE USER'S CONTROL  
OF CORE COMMANDS.

PALOMA, WHEN I  
FOUND YOUR PROGRAM  
ICON AMONG THE REFUSE  
CATSCAN COLLECTED--

--I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE OUR TICKET  
OUT OF THE  
HOLE FEVER HAD  
TOSSED US INTO--

--INSTEAD,  
I'VE MADE  
THINGS  
WORSE.

DOOM'S TOO ENRAPTURED  
WITH HIS CYBERSENTIENCE  
TO CARE ABOUT OFFLINING--

--AND THE LONGER  
I'M HERE THE LESS  
CHANCE I'LL EVER  
RETURN HOME--

--AND SEE  
XANDRA  
AGAIN.





ON THE REAL WORLD SIDE OF THE ELECTRONIC FENCE, IN THE LATVERIAN LABORATORY WHERE DOOM AND WIRE'S BODIES LIE IN CYBERLINK-INDUCED COMAS--

NO SLEEP IN TWO DAYS. TOO WOUND UP TO MEDITATE.

WIRE AND DOOM'S NEURAL PATTERNS FLATLINED, AND THEN RETURNED BARELY AND ERRATICALLY.

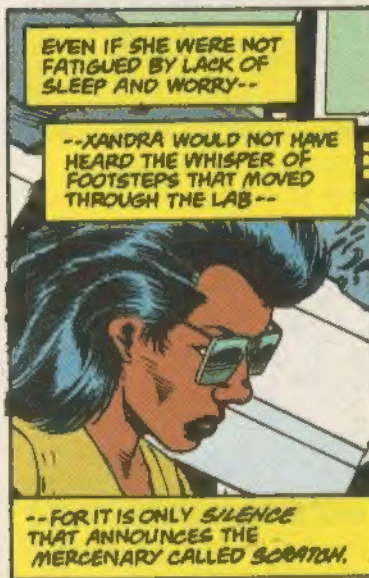
I HOPE THAT MEANS WIRE IS STILL ON LINE SOMEWHERE-- NO MATTER HOW THREADBARE THE CONNECTION IS.

DON'T WANT TO THINK THOSE READINGS ARE JUST SOME TECHNICAL GLITCH.



I WISH FORTUNE WERE HERE. POET WENT AFTER HER-- BUT HE HASN'T RETURNED EITHER.

GODDESS, PLEASE NEVER MAKE ME FEEL THIS USELESS AGAIN.



EVEN IF SHE WERE NOT FATIGUED BY LACK OF SLEEP AND WORRY--

--XANDRA WOULD NOT HAVE HEARD THE WHISPER OF FOOTSTEPS THAT MOVED THROUGH THE LAB--

--FOR IT IS ONLY SILENCE THAT ANNOUNCES THE MERCENARY CALLED SCOTCH.



--AND ONCE HER PRESENCE IS KNOWN--

--IT IS TOO LATE.



I HAVE ALREADY TAKEN YOUR WEAPON FROM YOU.

AND I WOULD NOT NEED A CHILD'S TOY SUCH AS THIS TO END YOUR LIFE IF I CHOSE.

SO LISTEN CAREFULLY. YOUR FUTURE DEPENDS ON MY WORDS.



ELSEWHERE.

YOU  
REFUSE?

A  
PITY.

WITH DOOM  
DEAD AT THE  
HANDS OF MY  
HIRED ASSASSIN  
FEVER--



--AND WITH LATVERIA  
SOON UNDER PIXEL  
CONTROL--

I WAS CERTAIN  
YOU'D SEE WHAT A  
GENEROUS OFFER  
I'VE PLACED BEFORE  
YOU.

I DON'T  
NEED YOUR  
GENEROSITY.



SUCH RUDENESS. AFTER I REMOVED THE OSMIOTIC SEALANT  
YOU FOUND SO DISTASTEFUL, YOU SHOULD BE FLATTERED. I  
ALLOW FEW PEOPLE SUCH INTIMATE PHYSICAL PROXIMITY.

IF YOU WANT  
GRATITUDE,  
FORGET IT.



LATVERIA'S NOT UP FOR  
GRABS, AND NEITHER  
AM I.

YOU DISAPPOINT  
ME. I WILL NOT  
ASK AGAIN.



YOU WILL BE DEALT WITH  
ONCE PIXEL FORCES  
OCCUPY LATVERIA.

GIVEN YOUR  
ADAMANT REFUSAL  
TO WORK WITH ME--

--I SUPPOSE I  
WILL HAVE TO  
MAKE AN  
EXAMPLE OF  
YOU FOR THE  
PEASANTS.



AT THE SAME TIME, OUTSIDE THE CICADA, A SUPPLY SHIP DOCKS AT THE PIXEL ZEPPELIN'S SIDE.

UMBILICAL MOORINGS CONNECT THE LARGER VESSEL WITH THE SMALLER CRAFT.

--TRANSFERRING NOT ONLY FUEL AND SUPPLIES TO THE CICADA'S INTERIOR--

--BUT ALSO A STOWAWAY CALLED POET.

THE HEAT TRACE PATTERNS I FOUND IN THE MUSEUM MATCHED A LIGHT REFRACTION SYSTEM USED BY A HEADHUNTER NAMED HAZE.

A CALL TO MY "SERVICE" REVEALED HE RENDEZVOUSED WITH THE PIXEL EXEC ZEP--  
--MEANING FORTUNE'S KIDNAPPING GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF PIXEL.

AS LONG AS FORTUNE'S OKAY, I CAN GET OUT WITH A MINIMUM OF BLOODSHED.

--BUT IF THEY'VE HURT HER--

I'M GONNA MAKE THESE PEOPLE WISH THEY'D BOOKED PASSAGE ON THE HINDENBURG.

"UNDERSTAND THE MAGNITUDE OF MY REBIRTH AND TRANSFORMATION--"



I AM NOW ALL SEEING  
AND ALL KNOWING--NOTHING  
REMAINS SECRET FROM ME.

IN ICELAND, THE GENE  
PATTERNS OF SIX MEN  
AND SEVEN WOMEN WITH  
WORLD-SHATTERING  
POWER ARE HELD IN AN  
INTRICATELY GUARDED  
DATABASE.

IN CAIRO, A PLAGUE  
VIRUS HAS BEEN DEVELOPED  
BY THE OSIRIS CORPORATION  
TO BE USED AGAINST ITS  
COMPETITOR.

ON A FARM OUTSIDE  
OF EDINBURGH, A  
TEACHER'S MATHEMATICAL  
OBSESSIONS HAVE  
PRODUCED AN EQUATION  
THAT IS POETRY IN ITS  
ABSTRACTION.

IN 7AD5, A CULT  
LEADER NAMED BRIMSTONE  
PROGRAMS HIS FOLLOWERS  
THROUGH NEURAL HOOKS,  
PROVIDING CYBER-  
SIMULATED REVELATION  
AND EPIPHANY.

AND THIS IS ONLY  
A FRACTION OF  
THE KNOWLEDGE  
AVAILABLE TO ME  
AT THE SPEED OF  
THOUGHT.

YOU'VE  
LOST IT BIG  
TIME, DOOM.

YOU AND  
I ARE STILL  
TRAPPED  
HERE.



YOU HAVE TO GIVE BACK  
THE NETWORK CONTROLS  
TO PALOMA!



BY SIPHONING OFF HER  
PROGRAM ENERGY, YOU'RE  
KILLING OUR ONLY WAY  
HOME.



NO, THE ETHER IS MY KINGDOM.  
FROM ITS HEART WAS I REBORN  
AFTER MY DESTRUCTION THROUGH  
THE MACHINATIONS OF...

...YES, HE HAS ESCAPED  
MY WRATH FOR TOO LONG.

NOW I MUST  
FIND THE VIRAL  
CATALYST OF MY  
ASCENSION--



--AND REWARD  
HIM HIS DUE.

Work. Work.  
Work.

A simple task...  
destroying a prototype  
operating system of a  
clean-fuel energy  
generating plant--

--a system that would  
inevitably supplant its  
unwieldy and polluting  
competition.

Now, after my touch,  
the op sys fails, programmers  
are fired, the program gets  
scrapped.

business at its best.

**FEVER!**

**DOOM.**

Shouldn't you be Catnip  
for that pottergeist rabby  
I left you with?

CATSCAN HAS FELT  
MY WRATH--AS  
WILL YOU.



always so formal,  
doom. Who knows?  
if you loosened  
up a bit--

--you might make the  
quest list of more  
parties

FEVER, YOU  
HAVE NOT  
FACED ME  
BEFORE--

no, your previous  
program was  
quite unimpressive--

but to track me  
here-- i admit--  
impresses me

the network program  
augmenting your  
archetype will make a  
fine addition to my  
arsenal--

--after i finish  
tearing your  
heart out.

NO NOT  
THIS TIME,  
FEVER I  
HAVE  
RISEN  
LIKE THE  
PHOENIX--

--AND I  
BURN WITH  
NEW POWER  
AND  
VENGEANCE.

--come on,  
doom, let's  
rumble--

ah a challenge--

--and let all of  
cyberspace be  
our battleground--



NEW  
YORK

STREETLIGHTS 'VE  
BEEN DIMMING OFF  
AND ON FOR THE  
LAST THREE BLOCKS--

--AND THE NAVIGATION  
BOARD ON THIS OL' TANK'S  
BEEN GOING CRAZY--

DACK AND  
TIANA ARE  
LATE--

--HOPE THIS  
DOESN'T  
MEAN  
TROUBLE--

--BUT IF IT  
DOES, I'M  
READY.

RAVAGE!

LOWER  
THE VOLUME,  
DACK!

WHERE WERE YOU?

UNDERGROUND  
WAS OUT OF ORDER--  
ALL AUTOMATED  
SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN  
BEHAVING ODDLY  
TODAY.

SOME VIRUS  
IS MOVING INTO  
POWER COMMUNI-  
CATION AND  
SATELLITE MAIN-  
FRAMES. DRIVING  
THE BRAINTRUST  
TOTALLY SPIRAL.

THEY  
IDENTIFIED  
AN ARCHETYPE NAMED  
DOOM.

DOOM, HUH?  
WHY DO I GET  
A FEELING HE'S  
ANOTHER JOKER  
LINING UP TO  
CAUSE ME  
GRIEF?



AN OCEAN  
AWAY

EVEN IF I GET PAST  
DEVARGAS--THERE'S  
HIS ANDROGYNE  
SERVANTS TO DEAL  
WITH--

NOT TO MENTION  
HAZE WHO BROUGHT  
ME HERE IN THE  
FIRST PLACE.

HOW  
DO I  
GET OUT  
OF THIS?

ALL I WANTED  
WAS TO MAKE  
LATVERIA  
SAFE FOR MY  
PEOPLE--

NOW I'M A  
CHESS PIECE  
IN A GAME  
OF INTERNATIONAL  
POLITICS--

THE ANSWER'S  
STILL NO,  
DEVAR--

YOU NEVER DID WAIT FOR  
THE QUESTION, DARLINS.

IT'S AN ENDEARING  
TRAIT.

AND MAY I  
SAY YOU LOOK  
LOVELY IN THE  
MYLAR SNUG  
ENSEMBLE?


WHAT?  
WHO?

I'M HURT.  
AFTER ALL OUR  
NIGHTS TOGETHER,  
YOU DON'T EVEN  
RECOGNIZE ME--


--EVEN WITH  
THE HOLOGRAPHIC  
ENHANCEMENT

LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE. THIS JOINT IS TOO  
STERILE FOR MY TASTE.



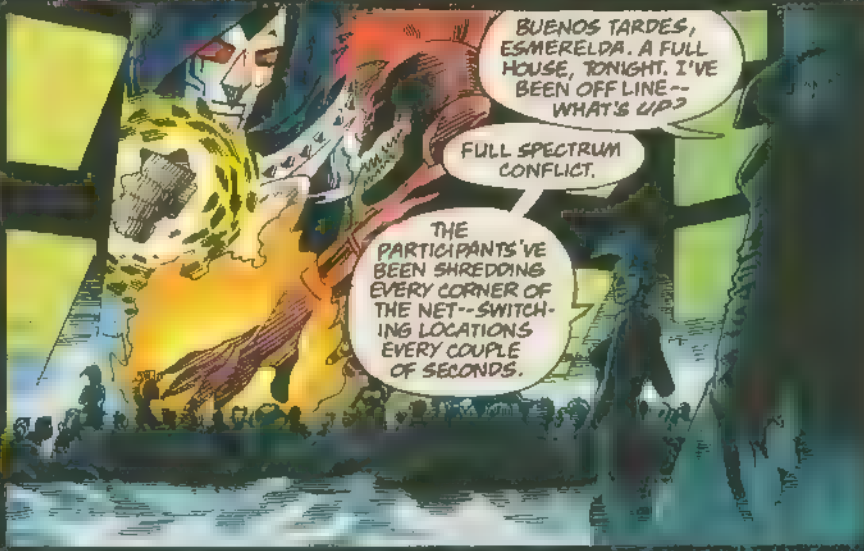


AVOIDING THE SUN-SOAKED CLIME AND FESTIVE NIGHTLIFE-- AN ELITE CIRCLE COMES TO SAO PAULO FOR A CLUB FOUND OFF A NAMELESS ALLEY--



--WHERE MEMBERSHIP IS BASED NOT ON WEALTH OR CELEBRITY--


--BUT ON NETGLIDING ABILITY AND CYBERSPACE REKNOWIN.



BUENOS TARDES, ESMERELDA. A FULL HOUSE, TONIGHT. I'VE BEEN OFF LINE-- WHAT'S UP?

FULL SPECTRUM CONFLICT.

THE PARTICIPANTS'VE BEEN SHREDDING EVERY CORNER OF THE NET--SWITCHING LOCATIONS EVERY COUPLE OF SECONDS.

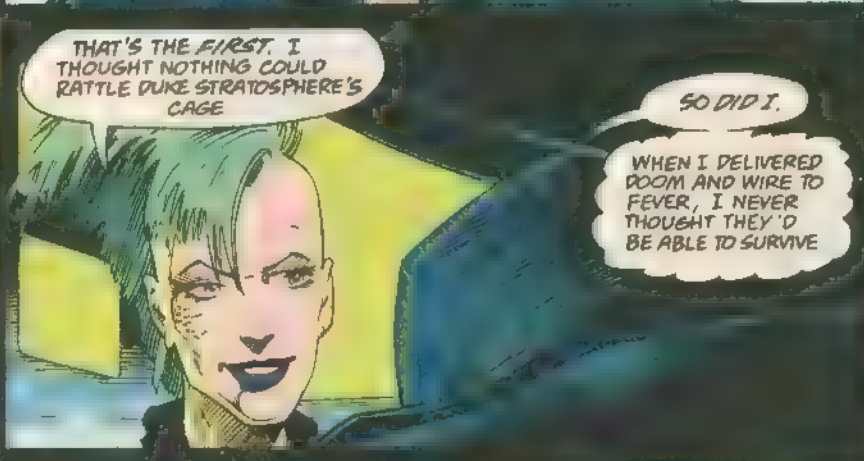


BARON SAMEDI AND EL PRIMERO HAVE MAINTAINED THE CYBERLINK FEED TO FOLLOW THE ACTION.

TOOK US A WHILE TO IDENTIFY THE FIGHTERS.

♫ 69


FEVER AND DOOM I AM SURPRISED.



THAT'S THE FIRST. I THOUGHT NOTHING COULD RATTLE DUKE STRATOSPHERE'S CAGE

SO DID I.

WHEN I DELIVERED DOOM AND WIRE TO FEVER, I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D BE ABLE TO SURVIVE



EITHER FEVER IS SLIPPING OR DOOM IS A PLAYER!



FEVER,  
YOU CANNOT  
RUN FROM  
ME

*you are drunk on your  
own power, doom, and  
have become careless*

*i have not been running--  
i have been testing the  
range of your network  
abilities--*

*--which are far  
greater than you  
know*

*--we have moved  
through places even  
i could not access--*

*when i dispose of you  
and add those capabilities  
to my repertoire--*

*i will be unstoppable*

YOU WILL  
FALL AT MY  
FEET,  
FEVER.

*the delusion of  
a mad king--*

*stare into the abyss,  
doom see the truth  
of your situation.*

*here the abyss does  
more than stare back--*

*--it pulls you in  
and drags you under*



NEW YORK.

YOUR VORTICES NO  
LONGER HOLD THREAT  
FOR ME, FEVER.

I BURN WITH  
POWER DRAWN FROM  
THE HEART OF  
CYBERSPACE

I AM A FIRE  
RAGING THROUGH  
THESE ELECTRONIC  
ARTERIES

YOU'RE OUTTA  
YOUR SHOCKIN'  
MIND!

THERE'S A PARAPSYCH  
NAMED KERRY WHO  
AGREES--

--BUT I DON'T  
NEED A SECOND  
OPINION--

--ESPECIALLY NOT FROM  
RHAPSODY DEALING BIOWASTE  
WHO FORCE THE DRUG ON  
INNOCENTS TO CREATE CLIENTELE

SHOCK IT, MY LAWYER  
CLEARED ME WITH  
THE PUBLIC EYE--

I'VE GOT EVERY  
RIGHT TO DEAL ON  
THE DOWNTOWN  
DROP--

I AM THE  
ALPHA AND  
THE OMEGA--

KCHOW



BESIDES, DOWNERS  
DON'T EVEN SUB-  
SCRIBE TO THE  
EYE--

I AM YOUR  
BEGINNING  
AND END,  
FEVER.

WHAT  
THE--

THE DEALER MADE  
TWO MISTAKES ONE,  
HE ASSUMED I WAS  
PUBLIC EYE--

NO, THIS  
CANNOT BE

--AND TWO, HE  
LET THE VIDSCREEN  
DISPLAY DISTRACT  
HIM--

--GIVING ME THE  
OPPORTUNITY TO  
MAKE MY POINT--

--IN AN INTIMATE  
TÊTE À TÊTE--

KRONK!

URGH!

BEFORE I TAKE THIS  
SCUM BACK TO THE  
PRISON BUILT  
BENEATH MY BROOKLYN  
SANDSTONE--

I TURN TO THE  
DISPLAY THAT  
BOUGHT ME THE  
SECOND I NEEDED  
TO TAKE THE PUNK  
DOWN

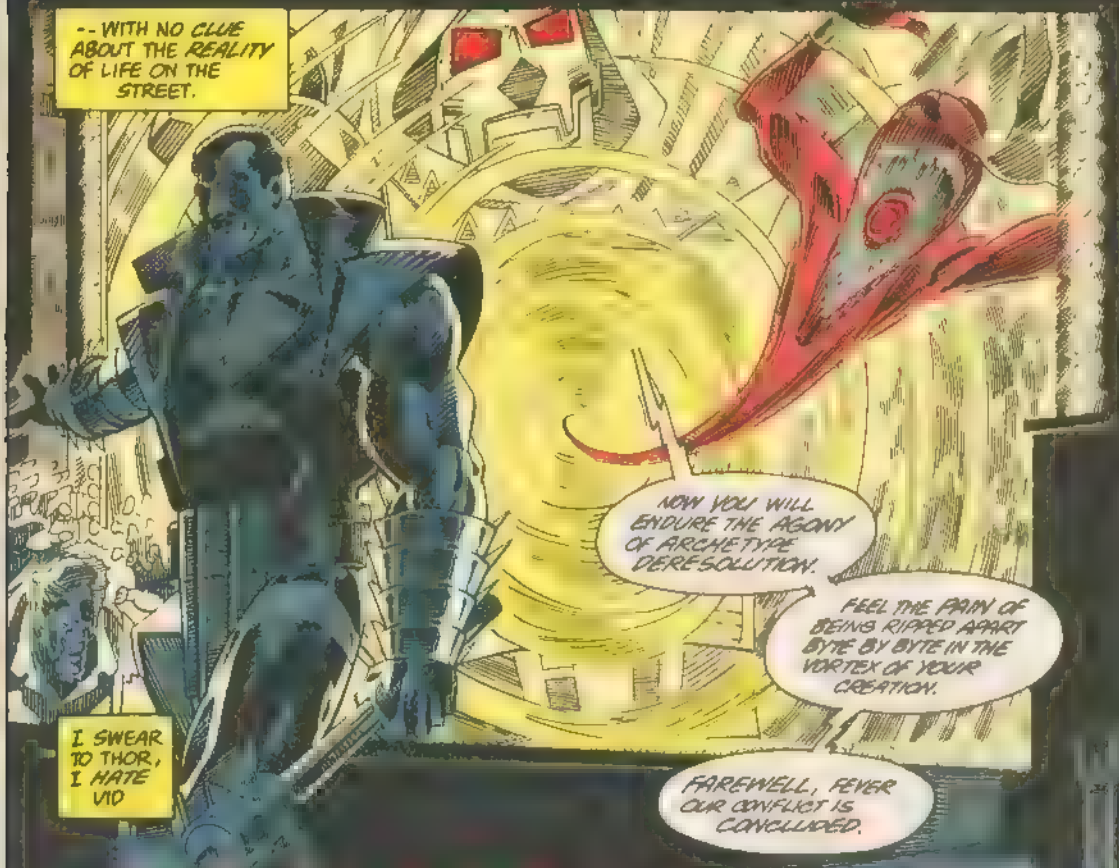
YOU CANNOT  
OFFLINE, FEVER--

I'VE BLOCKED ALL  
YOUR AVENUES  
OF ESCAPE.

TYPICAL BIG BUDGET SIM--  
LOUD, FLASHY MELO-  
DRAMATIC--



-- WITH NO CLUE  
ABOUT THE REALITY  
OF LIFE ON THE  
STREET.

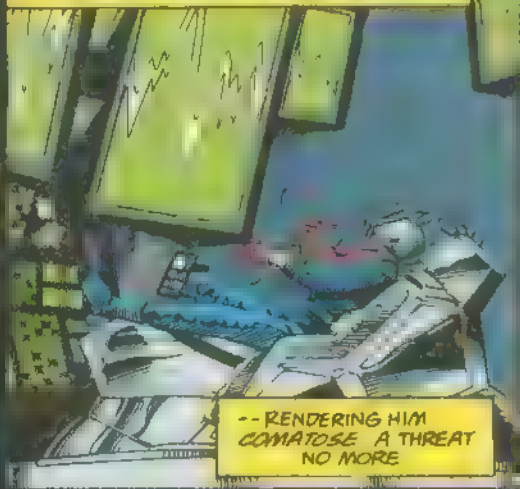


**NOOOOOOOOOOO**

IN THE SECRET TERMINAL  
WHERE THE VIRAL HACKER  
KNOWN AS FEVER THOUGHT  
HIMSELF SAFE--



-- A WAVE OF FEEDBACK OVERLOADS  
HIS NEURAL INTERFACE WITH CYBERSPACE--

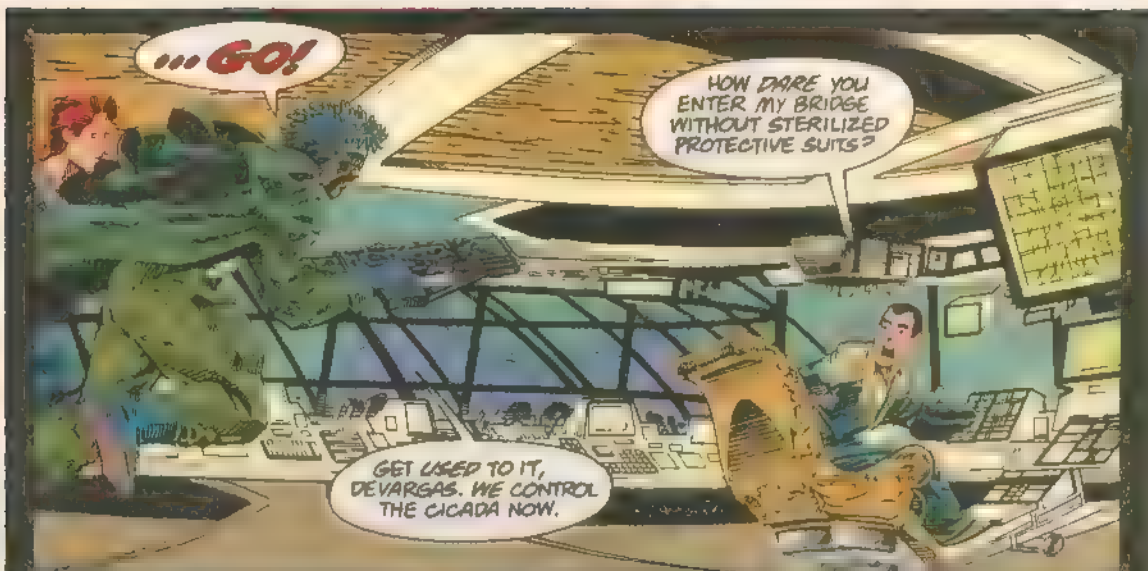


-- RENDERING HIM  
COMATOSE A THREAT  
NO MORE

"ON MY MARK,  
FORTUNE THREE,  
TWO, ONE..."











I'VE SHUT DOWN  
YOUR ZEPPELIN'S  
ENGINES.

YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE DEAD.



DOOM'S TAKEN  
OVER THE CICADA'S  
CONTROLS!

COMPUTER,  
OVERRIDE  
AUTO-PILOT.

AUTHORIZATION  
INVALID.



CONSIDER THIS PAYMENT  
FOR SENDING FEVER  
AGAINST ME.

I LEAVE  
YOU NOW TO  
THE VAGARIES  
OF GRAVITY.

HAHAHAHAHA



BLESSED MOTHER.  
THAT LAUGH.  
DOOM'S GONE  
CRAZY--

--HE DOESN'T  
REALIZE  
WE'RE ON  
BOARD,  
TOO!



HAHAHAHA

"WE PASSED  
WORST CASE  
SCENARIO A  
LONGS TIME  
AGO--



"--WE'RE NOW INTO  
APOCALYPTIC  
CATASTROPHE.

"THE STATIC STORM  
DOOM'S GENERATING  
MAKES IT HARD TO  
MAINTAIN ARCH-  
TYPE RESOLUTION.

"I DON'T KNOW  
HOW LONG BEFORE  
WE DE-REZ. JUST  
LIKE ALL THE  
OTHER PROGRAM  
ICONS."

IF ONLY DOOM HADN'T TAPPED INTO  
YOUR OPERATING SYSTEM, NONE OF  
THIS WOULD BE HAPPENING.

ARCHETYPE  
DOOM'S POWER  
TRANSFERENCE  
MAY BE STOPPED  
BY TERMINATING  
THIS PROGRAM.

YOU MEAN  
ALL I HAVE TO  
DO IS SHUT  
YOU DOWN?

NEGATIVE. ERASE THIS PROGRAM  
BY ACTIVATING SYSTEM URGE.

BUT THAT  
WOULD BE  
LIKE  
DESTROYING  
A WORK OF ART--

--YOU'RE THE  
MOST AMAZING  
PROGRAM I'VE  
EVER SEEN.

THERE IS NO  
ALTERNATIVE.





LAST TIME I WAS  
INSIDE PALOMA'S  
PROGRAM CORE, I  
WAS TRYING TO  
FIX IT.

NOW I HAVE  
TO ERASE IT  
COMPLETELY..

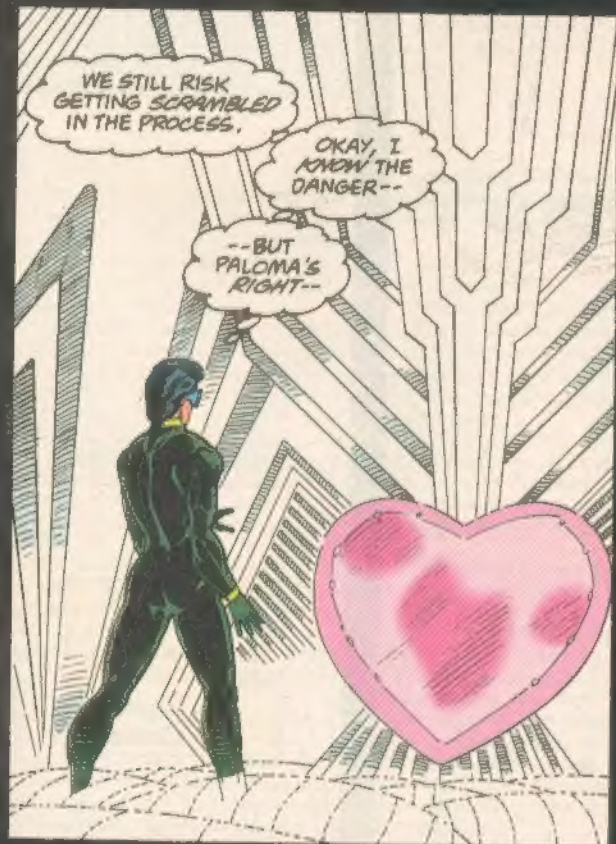
--HOPING THAT'LL  
BREAK THE LINK THAT  
GIVES DOOM TOTAL  
NET ACCESS--

--DRIVING  
HIM OUT OF  
HIS MIND.



OF COURSE, ONCE I  
DECONSTRUCT PALOMA'S  
PROGRAM CORE--

--DOOM AND I MAY STILL  
BE LOST IN THE CYBERSPACE  
WASTELANDS!



WE STILL RISK  
GETTING SCRAMBLED  
IN THE PROCESS.

OKAY, I  
KNOW THE  
DANGER--

--BUT  
PALOMA'S  
RIGHT--



--I HAVE  
NO OTHER  
CHOICE.



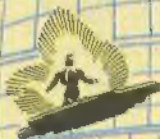
TERMINATION  
SEQUENCE  
ENGAGED.



--NETLINK  
BROKEN--

--LOSING  
CONNECTIONS--

--POWER  
FADING--



I'M BACK.  
PALOMA'S  
GONE.

WITHOUT HER  
PROGRAM TO  
DRAW  
SUSTENANCE  
FROM--

--DOOM'S  
FRAGMENTING.



WIRE, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?

I DON'T  
KNOW.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"The Empires of  
the future are the  
Empires of the  
Mind."

—Winston  
Churchill